

JOURNAL 1910

29n

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... He is always too hot. White duck trousers;
alpaca coat; low
standing collar, cut out for his wen; a black satin four-
in-hand tie; straw
hat. Gray eye. Extraordinarily flat, square nails;
grayish-yellow hair al-
ways flattened down.

Bagnols-de-Grenade

Softness of very early-morning sensations. The limpid
air quenches
my thirst. Everything seems to me so virgin that I feel
today as if I am
the first to see it, to want to sing it; but already to
name each thing no
word seems to me fresh enough.

In the stable, a calf born last night, still only half
dry, a delight for
the flies. A rope around his neck keeps him within reach
of his mother,
who is also tied; the cow is chomping some cornstalks.
Two dogs have
found the placenta, thrown on the manure-pile with the
trampled straw,
a soiled scrap that they are avidly gobbling. If I had
breakfasted, I
should perhaps look at this without nausea.

The Garonne has returned to its bed, but the
scrubland remains
flooded between the river and the cultivated fields; I
cannot reach the
beach where I used to bathe so voluptuously last year.
From a distance
I perceive the sparkling sand. It is yonder, in that
curve of the river
which, although rapid, spreads its warm water
shallowly over the peb-
bles, it is yonder that, looking at the sky, yielding without
risk to the cur-
rent, from the corner of my eyes I watched my flight
carry the shore?
along swiftly. Oh, sensation even more beautiful than
thought! . . .

In an automobile heading toward Marseille

To pleasure is added a sort of heroic foretaste by the
inconvenience
of the pleasure. Get up before dawn; exhaust the wind
and the shower;
roast under the noonday sun; deceive one's hunger and

one's sleepiness
 by the uncertainty of hours and places; keep one's life
 in equilibrium
 on a narrow ridge and grant oneself salvation only in
 the rigors of
 flight. . . .

Before reaching Saint-Pons, where we *slept* last
 night, our haste, for
 more than an hour, crushed the rain against our faces.
 We didn't even
 have goggles; the top was not put up. We had been
 very hot; the first
 drops were delightful; they penetrated our thirst;
 then, our fever
 washed, the downpour became painful

²⁶ One of the principal characters of *Les Caves du*
Vatican (*Lafcadio's*
Adventures), the scientist who is converted to
 Christianity as the result of
 a miracle.